

The Tragedie

Cat. He will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buc. Well then no more but this :

Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Hastings*, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him and shew him all our reasons :
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too : and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to Lo. *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Castle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle *M^{is} Shore* one genrile kisse the more.

Buc. Good *Catesby* effect this businesse soundly.

Cat. My good Lords both : with all the heede I may.

Glo. Shall wee heere from you *Catesby* ere wee sleepe?

Cat. You shall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*

Glo. At *Crosby* place, there shall you finde vs both.

Buc. Now my Lord what shall we doe if we perceiue
William Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head man, somewhat we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of mee
The Earldome of *Herford* and the moouables,
Whereof the King my brother stood posselt.

Buc. Ile claime that promise at your hands.

Glo. And looke to haue it yealded with willingnesse,
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
we may digest our complots in some forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.

Mess. What ho my Lord.

Hast. Who knocks at the doore?

Mess. A messenger from the Lord *Stanley.* *Enter Lo. Hast.*

Hast. Whats a clocke?

Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleepe the tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say :

of Richard the Third.

First he commends him to your noble Lordship.

Hast. And then. *Mess.* And then he sends you word,
He dreamt to night, the Boare had cast his helme :
Besides he sayes, there are two counsels held,
And that many be determind at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speedy post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.

Hast. Good fellow goe returne vnto my Lord:
Bid him not feare the separated counsels :
His honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my seruant *Catesby* :
Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.

Tell him his feares are shallow wanting instancy.
And for his dreames I wonder he is so fond,
To trust the mockery of vaquiet slumbers.
To flie the Boare before the Boare pursues vs,
Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,
And make pursuite where he did meane to chase :
Go bid thy master rise and come to me,
And wee will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Boare will vse vs kindly.

Mess. My gracious Kord Ile tell him what you say. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to Lord Hastings.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow *Catesby* : you are early stirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering state?

Cat. it is a reeling world indeede my Lord,
And I belecue twill neuer stand vpright
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. Who? weare the Garland? dost thou meane

Cat. I my good Lord. *(Crow)*

Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shou

Ere I will see the crowne so foule misplaste : *(C)*

But canst thou gesse that he doth ayme at it?

Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forv

